

Men heard this roar of parleying starlings, saw,
A thousand years ago even as now,
Black rooks with white gulls following the plough
So that the first become the last till a caw
Commands that last are first again, — a law
Which was of old and one, like me, dreamed how
A thousand years might dust lie on his brow
And still birds do thus between hedge & shaw.

So with men also. As a day, today,
A thousand years are; while the ploughland oak
Roars mill-like, & men strike & bear the stroke
Of war as ever, audacious or resigned,
And God still sits aloft in the array
That we have wrought him, stone-deaf & stone-blind.

February Afternoon